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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Practical Ideals.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 3.

SPIRIT AND SYMBOL.

By CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

ALL people who have had sacred books have believed in them as being literally infallible; yet there can be no such thing as infallibility in regard to any book or any other temporal vehicle of truth, for the temporal form is ever a partial thing and passes away as new forms are evolved. But as a soul here and there has come into a vivid, even though partial, realization of truth, there has been an attempt to impart the knowledge to others, and in order to do this men have been obliged to have recourse to symbols.

It might seem an easy thing to impart spiritual truth to another, but it is in reality most difficult, and at best can only be in the nature of a faint suggestion of the heavenly vision.

Until we can realize that the writers of the Bible had of necessity to resort to the use of symbols to express truth we cannot apprehend the Spirit which speaks through the Scriptures. Indeed symbolism plays a more important part in life than we ordinarily think.

Even the words we use to express thought are symbols, and no two people will see in a given sentence exactly the same quality of truth. Now if words were infallible,—if their meanings were exact and definite,—there could be no misunderstanding or disagreement in interpretation. However, we come at last to see that we cannot pin our faith to any outward form, but must seek the inner life which the form expresses.

Now it is better to have the symbol even without a knowledge of the spirit, than not to have the symbol at all, for the outer expression may in time lead to the truth embodied in it. But when we do apprehend the spirit, when we come to know what it is that the symbol stands for, then it has fulfilled its mission and we should no longer be dependent on the outer form.

Many people make the mistake of trying to hold fast to spirit and symbol. The trouble is they are divided between two lives, they serve two masters. Now it is not possible to thoroughly believe in—that is to abide in—both the spirit and the symbol; yet many who have ceased to find any real support in the outward form are still living in it because others do. What we must be willing to do is to abide steadfastly by our own knowledge of truth, even if it does not coincide with the common forms which people have accepted for ages. We must be true to the vision that comes to us and live it out fearlessly, even if it arouses the opposition of the whole world of symbol-worshippers. It is this opening of the heart to new ideals that has made possible all the prophets of the world; and if we could only see that, having God on his side, the seer of the new truth is really in the majority, then we would have greater courage in facing the scorn and obloquy of the world.

In our own sacred writings names and numbers are continually used with a deep symbolic meaning.

In the opening chapter the seven days of creation which we have been accustomed to regard as referring to the physical world, in reality have an esoteric meaning.

When Jesus said to his disciples that they should be in the world and not of it, he did not refer to the purely physical creation. The world is in reality MIND bodied forth in physical form, and the disciples were cautioned against being at one with the carnal mind—the world which knows not as yet the spirit of truth.

Now creation is not a finished product. It is a progres-

sive act and can only be understood as we see the change going on in the mind of the world. Every stage of the people as a whole is represented by some one character in history, and it is often through the contemplation of the development in another person that the world is stirred to a higher endeavor in the science of being. It is also through a refusal to respond to the ideal revealed by another that the world is convicted of sin. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "If I had not come they had not had sin." Lack of conformity to the highest that we know is always sin.

Each new ideal is first revealed in an individual, but it must eventually become a universal fact. Each of the seven days of creation symbolizes a certain stage in the development of the soul and there is a particular character in the Bible corresponding to each phase of soul-growth.

The opening words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," would have a more correct meaning if translated: In the great forever God creates. Creation is really an eternal process, and in the life of man we may note the successive stages of development, we can see his progress as he climbs step by step up to a spiritual self-knowledge; we can actually see the various days of creation.

Now in the spiritual realm the first order is always from darkness to light; the evening and the morning is the first day. Soul-growth is symbolized by the seed in the ground. Down there in the darkness the in-dwelling life responds to the warmth of the sun, and reaches out toward the light and power above, so it is with man; he is continually reaching up toward the light of perfect love.

There are twelve great soul qualities and if we study the root words from which the names of Jacob's twelve sons are derived we will find that each refers to each one of those qualities; and in the case of the twelve disciples, each one represented more especially one quality of life, the whole

body thus forming a powerful instrument for righteousness. In Jesus, the rounded out or full-grown man, the valleys were literally filled up, the mountains brought low and the crooked places made straight, because he united in himself the great soul-qualities, which constitute the beauty of wholeness.

Another place where the number twelve was used was in speaking of the twelve gates of the new Jerusalem, the city of God.

The world has taken this symbol literally and has thought of heaven as a city; yet John says the measure of the city is the measure of a full-grown man—an angel or perfected man. Again the twelve gates are the twelve mind faculties—open always, because of there being no darkness,—no incompleteness in the great soul of humanity. In this soul city, this full-grown life, there will be no need of sun or moon, no borrowed or external light, for the glory of God will shine through and through the whole creation.

The moon has always typified temporal things—the light that is transient, at best a borrowed light,—and the time is surely coming when each soul will shine with native light, not borrowed. As a result of this free and fearless revelation of the God within, the great city of a perfected humanity will be lightened with God's own glory.

In the symbol of the woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, the woman represents the soul which has brought all things into subjection and which therefore shines with original light—the light of the sun; the moon, the symbol of material or temporary things being under foot, typifies the soul triumphing over earthy conditions.

The twelve great faculties are now lifted up in the sight of all men and adorn the soul as no other crown could.

Let us turn to the symbol of the serpent. In the biblical writings the serpent represents wisdom, both wordly and

heavenly. This has been a common understanding of its meaning in the East, with perhaps one exception, in the symbolical design of a coiled serpent with its tail in its mouth the signification is that of eternity.

In the third chapter of Genesis the serpent stands for the animal, the physical man, who was more subtle than any other beast of the field which the Lord God has made, because man is the summing up all the animal creation. Science is at last throwing light on this wonderful subject of embryology, and we find that before being born man passes through the various animal stages, so that the final physical product is a veritable epitome of the animal creation.

In the light of history and spiritual truth we are coming to see that the three actors in this story are not three separate personalities, but three phases of development through which we must all pass. The serpent is the sense man; Adam, the intellectual, and Eve, the soul-life, and it is the seed of the woman that is to triumph over the lower nature.

This triumph does not mean the destruction but the subordination of the sense nature.

All phases of creation are good in their proper relation; God blessed the serpent as much as he did the other animals. The physical man is evil only when it dominates over the higher nature.

If we turn to the story of the fiery serpents we will find in it a lesson of deep significance.

The means used to cure the children of Israel of the serpent's bite was a brazen serpent—lifted up.

It is when we know how to use things aright that all things work for good. Jesus told his disciples that they should be as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. It is the spiritual impulse alone which can make all things good.

Another word which is used with a symbolic meaning is the word blood. The old law against eating the blood of

an animal sprang from a reverence for life, the conclusion of the command being "for the life is in the blood." There is in blood an indestructible, a vital element known as fibrine, and it is also in the rocks and plants, in all nature in fact.

The crude thought of the world in regard to the forgiveness of sin has been that it was dependent on the shedding of blood, but even the prophets in the Old Testament times pointed out that the sacrifice God desired was a broken and contrite heart—a heart that has broken away from selfish desire, and personal ambition. Neither the blood of animals nor of Jesus himself can cleanse a single soul of sin; but the life, the love that was poured out freely for us, will redeem all who fully trust its promptings.

Man has always sought a scapegoat for his sins and when we once realize that the real self, the soul, is made in the image and likeness of God and is therefore perfect, we can appreciate the effort on man's part to lay the guilt elsewhere than on himself.

Sin is, after all, a matter of imperfect revelation of the real man. Whenever a seer has penetrated to the heart of things he has found that the soul and God are one, and that our work is to realize this God-life fully and show it forth through every activity of body and mind.

The devil is the lower nature dominating, but when man consciously rules his body and mind in love, then is the at-one-ment accomplished to which all the symbolism of sacrifice has pointed.

It is an indisputable fact that obedience to the law of our nature is life and immortality and disobedience means death; and the visiting of the iniquities of the fathers unto the children of the third and fourth generations is not an arbitrary act of God's. If a family for three or four successive generations wilfully transgresses the laws of God it becomes extinct. This does not mean that any soul is destroyed, but that the family line ceases.

The tendency has always been for man to place the source of both sin and righteousness outside of himself, but as in regard to the tempter, it is the lower or earthly part that causes the trouble, so in regard to the Saviour, it is only through the free outpouring of the love nature of man that life and immortality can ever be brought to light.

It is the soul that is to attain dominion, to subdue all things unto itself. It is for this ruling of the outer world in love that the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now," for throughout the universe there is an earnest expectation, a waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God.

"Beloved, now are ye the Sons of God." Then shall we not show forth the power of God here and now?



"RING IN THE NEW."

Almost silently there is going on today throughout the civilized world a great change in thought about the conditions of life. The most sensitive men and women, those the most sympathetic and appreciative of what is beautiful in human nature, are becoming discontented with life as they find it, with its inequalities, with its wretchedness for some and its excesses of luxury for others, with the indifference of the strong to the defects of the weak, with the fact that some bear many burdens and others have none at all. They have ceased to think that these things are in the orderings of Providence, least of all of a Divine Goodness; and they have come to think that it is the duty and the privilege of those who see this need, who see in some degree how it is caused, and who have a clear vision of how the right remedy may be applied, to set about the task of making the social relations of men to each other more strictly just. They may not have a social panacea; but they believe in the law of brotherhood, and that it can be applied to daily life.—George Willis Cooke.

DIVINITY—DUALITY.

By CHARLES BUFFUM.

WHATEVER things exist, exist by right, of necessity, by divine right and necessity; else they would not, could not exist. Our desires, the desires of all humanity, are two-fold, animal and spiritual. These seem to be facts that cannot be successfully gainsaid.

What is Divinity? Is it not the essence, the innate intelligent principle in Nature that works for righteousness; that is ever at work to develop and elevate the life of mankind? Is it not the superlative degree of goodness in Nature—Nature asserting her saving, elevating power?

All things in Nature have their opposites; which means life, action, progress. There can be no stagnation in Nature, any more than there can be a vacuum; for her immutable law is motion, which must be inherent, innate in the Life Principle. Thus we have an Eternity, an Immortality for all things in our little Universe and all other Universes, so far as we can know. The future we know not. We don't need to. It is so ordered. With Thoreau, let us be content, when he wisely said, "One world at a time!" How miserable mankind would be if their future here were mapped out to them in their youth! Does it not seem as though the action and reaction of this principle of opposites, which is as sure and eternal as gravitation, is what we call LIFE?

All things, both in the physical and the psychic worlds are ever in motion, developing, progressing. Even the stones are ever and ever crumbling, moving on. As yet, we have only a slight glimpse of the wonderful secrets of Mother Nature. Puny, yet mighty man, thinks he caps the climax of Creation. Probably he does, intellectually, psychically; but look at the almost unerring instinct of all animal life. Behold the planetary system rolling in space. Think, wait, climb higher in the scale.

It was well said by an eminent writer: "What mankind need more than anything else, is to stop and indulge in the rare and noble art of thinking." Not otherwise than by thinking, study, reflection, investigation, can we dig into the great Arcana of Nature, both in the physical and the psychic worlds, and secure a few, infinitesimally few, of her wondrous secrets. Thus will it always be, probably, for the principle of LIFE leads ever onward, upward, to an endless future. Is not the principle of LIFE leavened, filled with Divinity, Duality, development? Climb higher, dig deeper, think, meditate, reflect, weigh, and thus grow in grace, knowledge, and wisdom.

Hotel Kempton, Boston.



SUGGESTION.

IN the rise and rapid spread of Mental Therapeutics the fact of the suggestibility of the human mind has come to its merited appreciation. It is seen how far-reaching and all-potent is this agency for influencing the action of the mind. In the whole of mental cure is involved this natural susceptibility of the mind to be aroused into activity and to be guided in its action by suggestion. And as the mind can be moved and directed by suggestion, as has been well established, to act therapeutically for physical health, so it is found that it can be influenced to act similarly for mental, moral and spiritual health on the same principle.

But this agency of suggestion is a two-edged sword and can cut both ways; it can be a means of unlimited good, but also a means of incalculable evil.

The mind is potent when acting in natural and healthful channels to preserve the health and restore the body from disease, but it is potent also, if influenced to run in diseaseful and abnormal channels, to tear down the body and destroy its soundness and strength.

A Physician.

NEW THOUGHT FORESHADOWINGS.

By W. J. STEWART, D. D.

SOME interesting contributions to the New Thought are to be found in the poetry of transcendentalism.

The poet is the seer, and so it often happens that he is the pioneer. Seeing a truth before it has reached the vision of men, he heralds it oftentimes.

The message falls upon the dull ear of the people without a response and the prophet passes on unheeded. But truth is imperishable and the time comes when the seer's words are passed from lip to lip and hearts glow with a new inspiration. So was it with the poets of the transcendental movement. Many were the rays of light that flashed across their pathway caught up by them and cast in the mould of song and sung in the ears of the people. Here and there a congenial spirit was found to give a heart's place to the new song and from these it spread until now it may be heard from tree top and valley proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord. One of the best interpretations of what is meant by the New Thought may be found in quotations from the poets' songs.

George Willis Cooke says: "The transcendental movement gave us our greatest poetry, and it may be justly said to have been the formative power that produced our best literature. It declared that religion is natural to man and that he may trust his own instincts, that individual freedom is essential to a large and wise living and that spiritual insight is a direct revelation from God."

This definition of man's relation to God was the embryonic thought born in the minds of the poets of this wonderful movement, and which produced the rich harvest of the present hour.

Emerson in "The Problem" says:

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ in tables yet unbroken.

The word by seers or sibyls told,
 In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind,
 One accent of the Holy Ghost,
 The heedless world has never lost.

This is a broader definition of "The word of God" to man than the Puritanical one of the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments. In speaking of the teachers of this broad definition of truth, James Russell Lowell says:

God sends His teachers unto every age,
 To every clime, and every race of men,
 With revelations fitted to their growth,
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

In speaking of the inspiration of God, Samuel Johnson says:

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Freshening time with truth and good,
 Consecrating art and song,
 Holy book and pilgrim track,
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
 From the sacred limits back.

Here is a definition of revelation and inspiration which compasses all men and all conditions of men.

The relation of mind to matter is one of the problems which is now agitating the mind of poet and philosopher, physician and divine. That the foremost thought of this day was clearly seen by the transcendental poet is evident from the poem entitled "Health of Body Dependent On the Soul," by Jones Very:

Not from the earth or skies,
 Or seasons as they roll;

Come health and vigor to the frame,
But from the living soul.

Is this alive to God,
And not the slave of sin?
Then will the body, too, receive
Health from the soul within.

But if disease has touched
The spirit's inmost part,
In vain we seek for outward things,
To heal the deadly smart.

For He who formed our frame
Made man a perfect whole,
And made the body's health depend
Upon the living soul.

Boston.



A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

If Jesus had left nothing but the Parables, His name would have been imperishable in literature; if He had bequeathed to posterity nothing but the simplicity of His speech and the irresistible logic of His argument, He would have had a permanent place among the orators of the world; if He had given to the world nothing but the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," enforced as it was by His own example, this one gift would have been sufficient to outweigh all the wealth of all the world; if He had left no record but the Sermon on the Mount, it alone would have made his natal day worthy of perpetual celebration—but all these added to the matchless majesty of a perfect life and the inspiring influence of an all-pervading love, are turning the eyes of an ever-increasing number to the path that He trod from the manger to the cross.—The Commoner.



"A merry heart is a good medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones."—Proverbs.

DR. FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT.

THE readers of this magazine will remember the account of the life and work of Dr. Abbot and the accompanying likeness of him in last year's April number.

It now becomes our duty regretfully to chronicle the demise of our friend. A noble soul has passed on. He was, indeed, one of nature's noblemen. His was a nature highly wrought, so delicately organized and sensitive in the extreme as to render him a sufferer therefrom, and this gives us the secret of his premature death. His sensitive and affectionate nature was clearly revealed by a remark in a recent letter to the present writer: "I was buried in the grave of my dear wife ten years ago."

He was as tender hearted, loving and lovable as a child, yet strong, unyielding and courageous in every good cause which enlisted his sympathies, a veritable hero indeed, as he gave himself unreservedly in the service of truth and righteousness.

He was a philosopher. Our estimate of him is that he was one of the greatest thinkers America has produced. His great philosophical work, upon which he had been engaged some forty-four years, was only completed the last summer.

Dr. Abbot followed in his system of thought strictly and rigidly the scientific method, and it is of especial interest to New Thought people that he was thus led in his conclusions to a thoroughly spiritual philosophy. His work is the deadliest blow to all forms of materialism and agnosticism.

We can here only pay him at best our simple tribute of respect in faltering speech. His great philosophical work will be his real and lasting monument. Dr. Abbot, and great souls like him, are the true glory of our Republic, and give our country above all else enduring name.

J. W. W.

THE POWER OF MOTHER LOVE.

By SOLON CHASE.

THE mother has more influence over the boy than the father. The small boy at the least sign of danger by intuition always seeks the shelter of his mother. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the head piece that governs the world.

About seventy years ago I went a fishing one Sunday morning before breakfast. At that time it was good trout fishing at Chase's Mills and I noticed that the men who fished on Sundays when the mills were shut down seemed to have better luck than we boys who fished on week days while the mills were running, and I made up my mind that I would try my luck on Sunday.

I dug the worms for bait Saturday night, got up early Sunday morning and took my fish pole and made tracks for the mill dam. When I dropped my hook into a little bunch of froth under the dam one took it quicker than lightning and in less than three minutes I had three as handsome trout as you ever laid your eyes on. I didn't catch any more. I didn't feel I was doing just right. I took my three trout and started for the house. As I opened the kitchen door my father sat there. His eyes snapped. He said to me: "You know better than to go a fishing on Sunday and if I catch you again I will tan your jacket for you." My mother said to me: "You clean them fish," and very soon the frying pan was over the coals and the odor of fried trout pervaded that kitchen.

I could see that my father's countenance changed—his face was not so elongated and he looked more natural. The breakfast was soon ready. We all enjoyed the feast, my father with the rest and he did not say any more about Sunday fishing; but after the chores were done my mother took me one side and said to me: "I wish you would not go a fishing any more on Sundays." She did not scold at

me; she did not say that Sunday fishing was an unpardonable sin. When she said to me: "I wish you would not go a fishing any more on Sundays," her angel eye beamed from her brow. I did not tell her I would not go a fishing any more on Sunday, but told her I would split the oven wood finer.

The baking was done in the brick oven and one of my chores was to split the oven wood. When I was in a hurry to get away to play I did not split the oven wood as fine as I ought to. I was not ready to promise that I would not go a fishing any more on Sunday, but I was ready to promise to split the oven wood finer, but I have never hankered to go a fishing on Sunday from that day to this.

My mother conquered me with kindness and motherly love and she conquered my father with the smell of fried fish.



THE ANGEL SONG.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Always the angels sang to him their praise,
 About the throne—whose floor the stars adorn;
 Their voices fail not from the morn to morn;
 And diligent are they to go his ways,
 And fill with beauty all the passing days;
 Thro' midnight sky their feet a path have worn;
 But when the dear Christ Child to man was born,
 The watchful shepherds heard their wondrous lays!
 They came anear the wearied world indeed,
 To strengthen it and say the blest had come;
 To set to music faith's ennobling creed,
 Which makes the earth our heavenly Father's home;
 And all the night, O all that sweet night long,
 The starry arch was thrilled with angel song!



Not all knowledge is power; but only that knowledge which enables a man to deal with the problems which confront him.

GLEANINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

By J. G. D.

YOU say it is hard for you to live on a high plane as there are so many things you want to do that drag you down. Remember when you have fully consecrated yourself to a higher life, you will not want to do these things. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Unwholesome desire will leave when you attain this Nirvana of perfect peace.

• • •

I heard a man say not long ago, "I have come to the place where I can truly say if I cannot live without drinking intoxicants I will die without them." But he won't die; his renunciation is his salvation. "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

• • •

Professor G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has made a careful examination of hundreds of children to ascertain what kind of fears and how many troubled them. He found eleven hundred different kinds of fears.

Now we wish some one would make an equally extensive examination among adults. It would be very interesting to compare the two results and see if the childish fears that drop away as we grow older are not about balanced by the additional fears we take on later in life.

• • •

It is no mere coincidence that the New Thought and the New Woman came together. The New Thought needs the New Woman teacher and healer and the New Woman needs the New Thought to round her out and complete her physically, intellectually and spiritually.

• • •

The shallowness of our ordinary conversation is never

more apparent to me than when talking with a deaf person. Nine-tenths of common conversation would pass unchallenged when said in an ordinary tone of voice, but when the voice is raised, or tones made more distinct or emphatic in order to reach deaf ears, how trifling and useless, not to say foolish, the most of it sounds.

Oftentimes what seems selfishness in persons who do not attempt to include deaf persons in the conversation is the half conscious feeling that it is not worth raising one's voice for. If we would only accustom ourselves to talk of some of the beautiful thoughts we think, how much higher the standard of life might be raised.

Thought healers talk much to patients of "tension" and bid them "let go" the disease. Would that we might all learn to relax the tension of our minds and let go some of the good treasure stored there.

* * *

Napoleon said to the women of France, "Go home and bear sons to be soldiers." Is it not possible that this idea of bearing sons for soldiers and of bearing daughters to bear more sons for soldiers, may be lacking in the minds of some of our present rulers who are urging parents to rear large families?

When a nation is continually making extensive and enormously expensive preparations for war, there must be many sons reared and many daughters to rear sons to be soldiers.

There are many men who can only see in war a way to capitalize their names, and mothers must bear sons to enable these men to write their names in flaming capitals on history's page.

* * *

It is not the duty of the community to put to death the hopelessly sick and infirm? This is a question which periodically comes before the public.

No doubt, as far as the individual who is sick is concerned, the custom might be a mercy, but to the survivors

the custom would certainly be one to harden the hearts and blunt the feelings. But supposing the community finds it their duty to end the sufferings of the sick, who is going to decide who the hopelessly sick are? It is hardly safe at all times to abide by the decision of the doctors.

Some years ago the doctors decided that the writer was one of the positively incurables, and had the custom of making way with the incurables been in vogue, he, no doubt, would have some time been dead. He was restored through the power of the New Thought. Is it not possible and highly probable that very many of these so-called incurables can be cured in the same way as the writer?

Is it not more humane, more in accord with the Christ ideal to attempt to rescue such, than to put them to death? But if we put the sick to death, why not the confirmed drunkard, the prostitute, the hardened criminal, in fact, any one whose condition physical, or moral, is not up to the normal standard?



CHRISTMAS.

What is there lovelier than the Christmas feeling of goodwill? It makes heaven, it is heaven in the breast. The home is radiant with the light of love, and we all feel so good to each other, and behave like folks. We come to the true manhood of man and find we are divine in joy-giving power and experience. Blessed is the day that can shed its perfume on all the days of the happy new year.

W. B.



"They talk about a 'woman's sphere'
 As though it has a limit:
 There's not a spot on sea or shore,
 In sanctum, office, shop or store—
 There ain't no nothin' any more
 Without a woman in it."

THE METAPHYSICAL CLUB OF BOSTON.

By WILLIAM J. LEONARD.

THE preliminary steps that led to the formation of the Metaphysical Club of Boston were taken toward the close of the year 1894. The prominent persons identified with the healing movement in the city were invited by Dr. J. W. Winkley to meet at his residence. The purpose of this meeting, as stated in the call, was the initiation, if deemed advisable, of some form of association and co-operative action among those engaged or interested in the movement.

There was an encouraging response to the invitation, and all were most earnest in the expression of their opinion as to the desirability not only, but as to the great need, of union, fellowship and concerted action among those of the new faith and that the time was ripe therefor.

There were two preliminary meetings in which the possible benefits of the proposed association and the form of it were thoroughly canvassed. As a result it was unanimously agreed to organize on a basis as simple as possible, the only officers to be a secretary, a treasurer and an executive committee of seven, including the officers named.

Among those present to participate in these early proceedings beside Dr. J. W. Winkley and Mrs. Winkley, at whose home they took place, were Henry Wood, Mrs. A. Morton Diaz, Miss Lilian Whiting, Mrs. Ole Bull, C. M. Barrows, Prof. E. M. Chesley and Mrs. Chesley, the Rev. Loren B. Macdonald, the Misses Hurd, Horatio W. Dresser, Mrs. A. G. Dresser, Frederick Reed, E. M. Bishop, Miss P. G. Hayes, Warren A. Rodman.

The date of the meeting at which the formal act was performed of organizing the club was February 21, 1895, when Frederick Reed was elected secretary; Dr. J. W. Winkley, treasurer, and Henry Wood, W. A. Rodman, H. Wright Eliot, Mrs. H. W. Chapin, Mrs. Ole Bull were

elected members of the executive committee. Then the club was given its present name at the suggestion of Mr. Wood.

The object of the club was set forth in the following statement, which all who joined were asked to sign:

"In view of the present interest in a more spiritual philosophy and its practical application to human life, we suggest that some organized effort may be of marked usefulness. Its spirit should be broad, tolerant and constructive, and its object an impartial search for truth. It is believed that the social interchange and fellowship of those who are interested in the higher nature of man and its possibilities will be both pleasant and profitable. All who sympathize with these purposes without regard to past or present affiliations of sect, party or system are cordially invited to co-operate."

A course of lectures was early projected. The first one was delivered March 28, 1895, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. This was followed by lectures from Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Hamilton W. Mabie, Mr. E. F. Fenollosa and others. Social gatherings were also a feature of the club life at this time, when papers were presented by an appointed reader. There was as yet no established headquarters of the club, the business meetings of the executive committee being held for a year or more at the residence of Dr. Winkley, and the lectures being delivered in well known public halls in the Back Bay district. The early club organization, not providing for the office of president, different members of the body were chosen, as the occasion arose, to discharge that function.

The first secretary, Mr. Reed, served the club in that position for six months, or until his removal from the city. His place was taken by Warren A. Rodman, who became a prominent figure in the organization from this time on, his official connection with the management of its affairs continuing through the eight years of its existence reached in April last.

For three years the club maintained the style of organization agreed upon at the outset. At the beginning of its fourth year it was decided to adopt a constitution and become a legal corporation. This made it necessary to choose a president. The first person elected to that office was the Rev. Loren B. Macdonald of Concord, Mass. As all officers except the secretary and treasurer were made ineligible, under the constitution, to re-election at the expiration of their term of office, the club has a new president every year. Succeeding Mr. Macdonald was Henry Wood, the well known New Thought author. He was followed by another prominent author, Horatio W. Dresser. These were succeeded by Edward A. Pennock and Warren A. Rodman, each of whom has reached a large public through their writings. The present incumbent is M. Woodbury Sawyer, one of the younger, as he is one of the most successful, teachers and practitioners in metaphysical circles.

As the object of this brief sketch is primarily to put on record the principal facts relating to the early history of the club, both for their preservation and for the stimulus they may be to organization among New Thought adherents, the writer has not undertaken to note the details of the work of the club in later years. Suffice it to say that the lecture courses founded in the early years have never been suspended, but rather have developed with the years, until for several years past they have numbered two a week during the eight or nine months of the active season.

Necessarily, the membership of a club in its ninth year will change greatly in that period. While some of the original members are still identified with it many of the one hundred and eighty-five now on the roll are more recent accessions.

The history of the club shows that it has experienced the usual vicissitudes of such organizations. The promise of a prosperous future is thought at the present time to be

especially flattering. It has just taken possession of the most spacious rooms that it has yet occupied. They are located at 30 Huntington Ave., nearly opposite the Public Library. Here are a commodious lecture hall, a large reading room and a library and book room. To these headquarters in Huntington Chambers all visiting friends of the New Thought—as well as all who would be friends—will be gladly welcomed by the indefatigable secretary, Mrs. Helen W. Faunce.



A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

An easy thing, O Power divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow;
But when shall I attain to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes, not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be, this side heaven.

Had I, too, shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me?
Could I have felt thy presence near,
Had I possessed what I held dear?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm:
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm.
A Power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still;
And then my heart attains to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



“My mind is myself.”—Plato.

LIFE AND DEATH.

By WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WHY is it not enough to live from day to day without any question of the future? Because it would be the surrender of our privileges as men. We are born to ask questions and find answers, and the search for the truth of things is the great joy of existence.

A man is a man who looks "before and after." He is not a beast to put his head down to the earth and crop the grass at his feet. He has by the ages been put upon his feet. He has won the vision of distances; he has enlarged feeling and insight—and what one has won is a prophecy for all.

And there are men to whom life is like sweet music. Their days are spent in beauty and the blessing of beauty like the rose or lily. They have come to the confidences of life. They allow faith its proper play, and childlike it receives the good as being all good. They stand by the pleasant and the pure—and so their lives are full of satisfaction—which is yet eager for further attainment. The days have duty and delight as the white-robed procession passes by.

This is living, this is making harp-music of our powers. Such souls have cares, or what others make cares, but they change them by the gleam of sunshine they shed upon the clouds. They interpret them differently from the discouraged. They take difficulty as a test of strength. They take trial and so-called disappointment as an assurance they can conquer and have something better than what they miss.

Then death is really only a gentle sleep, in no manner to be feared, either for friends or self. The true soul knows this is true by the very reasonableness of it—it is the only logic of life. The seed powers of heart and mind assure us of elsewhere in which to flourish. Assuredly they do. The world is a unit in its promises and fulfilment.

But when we live spiritually we have spiritual intuition and insight into this. We carry light in our souls and

darkness disappears before it. Men and women find this intensely true, a moral force of joy that fills them with unspeakable praise. They are in a universe that calling the grass out of the barren plain, out of the dust of the body, with like miracle, calls the common life of man to angelhood. The expectation is truly great, and with love as our friend, and hope as our companion, life and death are one in beauty and praise—for death is only the blossom expression of life.



LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN.

Dear Sir:—I have read with great interest Dr. Winkley's two articles on *The New Thought*, and I want to thank him for this good clear statement of the essential principles of this movement in religion. It is the best statement of its ideas that I have seen, and I shall put it among my treasures for future use.

Let me also thank Mr. Leonard for his good word about Dr. Quimby and Dr. Evans. It throws a lot of light on what was before in darkness to me, and without doubt many others will be grateful for its instruction and inspiration.

Your magazine grows in grace and in strength, and deserves all the good words your friends are sending to you.

May I offer a suggestion on healing and forgiveness?

If the spiritual element in us is of our Father's very nature, if He is in us and we are in Him, if He works in us and through us "both to will and to do," how can we separate Him from any experience of the soul, so as to say we do this or that, but He does something else? If we punish ourselves, is it not because the Spirit in our hearts assures us that we deserve to be punished? If we forgive ourselves, must it not be that we are first forgiven by the Spirit who has breathed into our consciousness the idea of forgiveness? And if we are healed, it is because we allowed the Spirit to well up within us as life and love, truth and power, to fill the soul with harmony and health.

Very sincerely yours,

Alexander T. Bowser.

Wilmington, Delaware.

DOCTOR QUIMBY'S METHOD.

IN the following letter to the editor of the Boston Transcript, Horatio W. Dresser makes a statement of facts that needs to be reiterated. He says:

Permit me to call attention to an oft repeated inaccuracy in Mr. Alfred Farlow's letter regarding the relation of Christian Science and Dr. Quimby, published in your journal.

My father knew Dr. Quimby intimately during his most successful years of practice, the period when Dr. Evans, Mrs. Patterson (now Mrs. Eddy) and my mother were healed and instructed. Dr. Quimby was not and had never been a magnetic healer. He developed and successfully practiced for more than twenty years a purely spiritual method of treatment, founded on the philosophy now known in modified form as the "New Thought."

The report that he was merely a magnetic healer grew out of the fact that, in that time when people had little faith in mental methods, Dr. Quimby sometimes dipped his hands in water and rubbed his patient's head, so that the patient might have something to which to pin his faith. But Dr. Quimby expressly stated that neither the rubbing nor the water had anything to do with the cure. He stated in the newspapers of the time that he gave "no medicine and made no outward applications."

Moreover, his writings show that his theory was purely spiritual. These writings, all of which I have had access to, were produced during these busiest years, 1860-1866, when others learned his theory and practice and began to apply the theory for themselves.

There is every possible evidence, for those who care to investigate, that Dr. Quimby was the original healer to whom all are indebted who have since claimed originality in this field. Even the term "Christian Science" was used by him, although the doctrine which has become publicly

known as Christian Science differs in some respects from his own.

The important fact is that Dr. Quimby did the work out of which the entire mental healing movement has grown. Mrs. Eddy interpreted that work in her way, Dr. Evans in his. But Dr. Quimby made the fundamental discoveries, developed the silent method of cure; did the long, arduous pioneer work, and gave others their impetus in the same direction. If anything is said about the subject, then let justice be done to the courageous pioneer who has so many times been put in an unfair light by those who do not know the facts.

Horatio W. Dresser.



THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

THE eminent clergyman of New York City, Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D., in a recent sermon, declared his belief in mental telepathy. We reproduce a report of his views given in the newspapers:

Evidences of the existence of mental telepathy are so common and so thoroughly authenticated as to cause me to regard it as a demonstrated fact. There can be no possible doubt but that two persons, or even a greater number, may communicate thoughts to each other without any material medium of communication.

Of course at the present time such intercourse is restricted to very short distances so far as we know. From India, however, have come stories of wonderful feats of communication across the country, inexplicable to the British rulers of the country. Occurrences in certain parts of India have been made known to persons removed by hundreds of miles from the scene of those occurrences as quickly as the tidings could be sent over the Government wires. These things have been attributed by deep thinkers to an unusual development of telepathy. How long it will be before we are able to think across great distances is a

matter of vague speculation at present. Not enough has been done in the way of investigating the existing phenomena of telepathy.

Two men in the same room may communicate their thoughts to each other by telepathy. This much is known. In well known instances greater distances have been covered. The very fact that a thought may be communicated from one brain to another, without material connection is the striking fact that we have to consider. From that all other things may grow and develop.

When the telegraph was first invented, it was used only over short distances. The telegraph was a fact, however. That it could be used even from one room to another was all that was necessary. The rest was to be the work of patient experimenters, hard working inventors who would devise means of lengthening the distance between the communicating points until the world of the East could talk to the world of the West. So it was with the telephone. At first a mere toy to be used over short distances, its uses were greatly restricted.

There existed the great fact, however, that the vibrations of the human voice which make human speech could be transmitted across wider spaces than the human voice had ever carried before by the medium of an electric current, and from this original fact grew the present development of the telephone when a man in New York may converse as easily with his friend in Chicago as though the two were sitting face to face.

Then came the wonderful invention of Marconi. At first his faint, frail messages were sent through the air a few hundred yards; then from the shore to the ship a few miles at sea, and now he talks across the ocean, with no visible material medium to carry his messages.

As much may be said of telepathy. Now we think across short spaces, from brain to brain, without wires or operating stations. That is the great fact. From that

must be developed, gradually and slowly as these other great inventions have been developed, the lengthening of the distance over which two brains may communicate their thoughts to each other by mental telegraphy.

There has been more thought devoted to this strange phenomenon of mental telegraphy during the past ten years than in all the ages that preceded. Great thinkers, men of strong brains, are attempting to learn the secret of telepathy, to find the scientific basis of this phenomenon. That they will succeed eventually there is but little doubt. When we have learned all that there is to learn we may prepare to throw away the useless instruments of steel and wire that have served us so long and communicate from brain to brain through the invisible ether with nothing of clumsy apparatus, sending a thought to a friend direct from the brain much more easily and quickly than can possibly be done by the world's old medium of words.



MENTAL SCIENCE AND HYPNOTISM.

By HELEN WILMANS POST.

IS it hypnotism that the mind curers use in healing their patients?

It seems to me that it is almost the exact reverse of it. In hypnotism—as commonly practiced—the will of the subject is beaten down and disposed of for the time being; the individuality is conquered and the subject reduced to a position where he is a mere annex through which the impressions of the operator flow. If this is repeated often enough it weakens the will of the subject until he ceases to be a man or anything but a mere helpless dependent, and completely at the mercy of the operator.

What the method of the hypnotist is in gaining control over the subject I do not know; but he has the power to put the subject into a deep sleep out of which he alone can arouse him. To me the situation seems repulsive and one

not to be resorted to except in cases of surgical operations or where it is necessary to deaden a too excruciating pain.

Hypnotism—even with the objections we have to it—may possibly be the forerunner of Mental Science, but if so, there is a vast change occurring between the start and the culmination.

In the practice of Mental Science there is no effort to break down the will of the patient in order to enter the sacred portals of the brain by force, where we may deaden all opposition to our work. On the contrary when there comes to us, flashed over the wires or by letter, the message, “I want your help in removing pain,” then the thought of the Mental Scientist is immediately charged with the knowledge that man is the master of himself and his conditions, and therefore does not have to believe in the power of pain or disease.

But to one who has never investigated this subject the most unaccountable thing about it lies in the fact of thought transference. That a thought can be sent from one brain to another brain thousands of miles away and leave its impress in the most undeniable effects does seem marvelous.

But who has measured the power of thought, or who has investigated its function? With regard to thought we are as ignorant as we were concerning electricity a hundred years ago. Who then imagined either the power or function of this mighty fluid so far back as one century or even half of it? And now see to what uses we have directed it.

Has the reader observed that in the growth and progress of the race it constantly discovers forces each of which is finer, more subtle and more powerful than all those which preceded? Once it was water; then it was steam; now it is electricity; in a short time it will be thought. Thought is not only the most potent force in the world, but it possesses something that no other force does; it possesses intelligence.—Freedom.

Practical Ideals

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

**Starr Publishing Co., 30 Huntington Ave.,
Boston, Mass.**

Good news and glad tidings belong to the Christmas and New Year season. The friends of Practical Ideals, subscribers, contributors, patrons and readers all, will see occasion at this time to rejoice and be glad in regard to the prospects of the magazine. This number closes the third year of its fairly successful career, but it gives us pleasure to announce that it is to start out on the New Year with renewed vigor and under brighter auspices than any year previous. For economical reasons a few double numbers have been issued of late, but it is hoped that in the future it will appear in form and features complete the first of each month. We wish our friends, however, to realize that upon them largely depends the welfare of the magazine. The editors and publishers will do all in their power to make it satisfactory, but in your keeping, friends, will after all be lodged its successful continuance. Only by active interest to extend its circulation, by contributions of interesting and valuable matter to its pages, and especially in prompt and early payment of your subscriptions can its success, its continued and enlarged usefulness be secured. "A strong pull and a long pull and a pull altogether" means onward and upward progress for the magazine.

• • •

The action of the Metaphysical Club of Boston in leasing more commodious rooms than it has before occupied with a purpose to increase its efficiency leads us to suggest that

the forward movement thus inaugurated deserves to be strengthened by a more general co-operation among local metaphysicians than has been heretofore witnessed.

* * *

The club originated in the desire for co-operative action, and the results that have followed attest the wisdom of that advanced step, even if the membership of the club has not included many names that it was hoped would be enrolled. What has been done for the New Thought cause in Boston during the eight years of the club's existence could be greatly augmented, in our opinion, by a combined effort in some form of all who stand for the New Thought movement in this city. There need not be any organization of the forces, but only such co-operation as will, now and then, in popular convention, or in some similar way, serve to impress the public mind with the significance of the movement. If, as Professor James says, the New Thought movement has made "the only original contribution of the American people to the philosophy of life" is there not abundant reason in this fact for its friends to engage in a bit of propagandism, as occasion may offer, on the lines we here suggest? Practical Ideals would be glad to get a consensus of opinions on this subject, and hereby requests all who will to communicate their views to the editor.

* * *

That accomplished student of the labor problem, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, in his latest address on the subject offers a solution that is not commonly met with among the utterances of such experts. He says:

"The decalogue is as good a labor platform as any. In religion we find the highest form of solution yet offered. Next to religion comes constructive evolution—that evolution which believes in the potency of effort. The economic man is growing into the co-ordinative man. We are to have a new law of wages, grown out of the religious

thought. The old struggle was for existence; the new struggle is for a wider spiritual margin. The application of this religious idea is the true solution of the labor problem. The whole question must be placed on an altruistic basis. Man's average of conduct is not better than his character. His treatment of his fellows is consistent with the sense of justice." We are inclined to believe that Mr. Wright has presented a practical ideal in the solution proposed.



Comments and Announcements.

PRACTICAL IDEALS extends most warmly to its many good friends the greetings of the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year season, and it goes without saying, surely, that this will receive the response from them all of the heartiest congratulations on the brighter prospects of the magazine.



The services of the Church of the Higher Life have been resumed in Faelten Hall, Huntington Chambers. They begin at 3 p. m., and a cordial invitation is given to all who are interested in the New Thought to be present. Horatio W. Dresser and the former pastor, Mrs. Helen Van Anderson, have been the speakers up to the present writing.



Aaron M. Crane has taken up the gospel of John for his Sunday afternoon study. His meetings are held in the Pierce building as heretofore.



We take the liberty to present elsewhere a private letter to the editor from a clergyman who occupies an influential pulpit. We apprised the writer, however, of our purpose to let our readers know what some ministers were thinking of our magazine and the thought for which it stands.



We have received from The Ariel Press a copy of a fine sermon by the Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, on The arrogance of men in power, and the virtue of modesty.

The leading article in this number is from the far famed New Thought author, Charles Brodie Patterson. It will be an additional pleasure to the reader to see the portrait that accompanies it. A biographical sketch would be very interesting, though his professional career is so well known, but we have to forego the pleasure we would take in presenting it.

* * *

The Mothers' and Fathers' Club is having a series of lectures from Miss Margaret Warner Morley. Several of them have been already given. This number, we hope, will be issued in time to apprise our readers of the lecture of November 23, at 2 p. m., on "The renewal of life—maturity." The last one will be given December 14, at 8 p. m., on "Evolution—Where we are going." The admission fee to each lecture is twenty-five cents. The meetings are held in the New Century building, 177 Huntington Ave.

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The third article of Dr. Winkley on the New Thought, intended for this issue, is unavoidably crowded out, but it will appear in our next number.

* * *

CLUB NOTES.

The Metaphysical Club of Boston has opened the season under most favorable conditions. It has removed from Clarendon street to sumptuous quarters in Huntington Chambers where it has the best of facilities for carrying forward its work. . . . Our readers will be interested in the sketch of the Club's history, the first ever published, which appears in this number. . . . As a taste of the feast that is to be furnished by the lecture course this winter, the program for November may be cited. The speakers for the month include such names as the Anagarika Dharma-pala, M. Woodbury Sawyer, Wm. Anthony Spinney, Rev. Hiram Vrooman, Rev. B. F. Trueblood, LL. D., Prof. E. M. Chesley and Mrs. Mary E. Chapin. The lectures are given on Tuesday evenings and Friday afternoons. . . . There will be on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11 a. m., a healing hour which is free to all. . . . The informal receptions of past seasons have been resumed on Friday afternoons, at 4 o'clock. . . . A new departure is the open-

ing of the rooms on Sundays from 2 to 5 p. m. . . . The book department will, as usual, have for sale all the best books and tracts on Metaphysical subjects, and the circulating library will continue to be a valuable feature of the Club's activities.



Observations and Events.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the veteran lecturer and reformer, foremost among those in the woman's and temperance cause, was called on by Observer lately and found well and strong, and as bright and active, seemingly, as ever at her youthful age of eighty-three years. She goes everywhere and does almost everything she is called upon to do, and the calls are almost unlimited, indeed, in number and variety as may well be supposed. Only the afternoon before our visit she had spoken to a large audience on religious and church duties with great acceptance. On another page is a timely word on leaders. Mrs. Livermore must certainly be reckoned among their number in America. As to the requirements of leadership she has surely filled the bill. She has been pioneer and reformer, with the martyr spirit, fearless and self sacrificing. She has stood heroically and worked for reform, progress and right. All honor to her.



Observer welcomes into his neighborhood our Christian Science friends who have removed their business from Falmouth St. where the enlargement of their church edifice will require the site of the old offices. They are sure to be clean, sober, orderly neighbors, and from a business point of view will be desirable surely in the locality, and in no way detrimental to its interests.



The publishing industry of this denomination is a large and substantial one, and cannot be reckoned at all to consist of "such stuff as dreams are made of," whatever else may be illusory. We wish it success and hope it will find its new home most satisfactory.



An important event of the current season is The Inter-

national New Thought Convention, planned by the Chicago friends of the cause to meet with them from November 17th to 20th inclusive. Prominent speakers and practical New Thought themes make an attractive program. The subjects treated are given as follows: I. The relation of the New Thought to (a) Religion, (b) the Bible, (c) Modern Science, (d) Therapeutics. II. Christian Science, Divine Science, Mental Science, Science of Being, etc. III. The Practicability of the New Thought (a) for the Individual, (b) in the Home, (c) in Art, (d) for a Business Man, (e) for Teachers. IV. A Comparison of the New Thought Teachings and Conclusions.

* * *

At the last convention of the American Medical Association, the theme of one of the principal addresses was the overproduction of physicians. The country needed, the speaker said, about 2,500 medical graduates annually, but the actual output is from 10,000 to 12,500. His proposed remedy is a reduction in the number of medical colleges.

* * *

Dr. William Everett pays a beautiful tribute to Dr. Francis E. Abbot, recently deceased. Dr. Everett describes him as a man of unrivalled scholarship, a poet, a philosopher and a companion like none other, with a nature where head and heart were moulded of the rarest materials, and whose departure leaves a void never to be filled on earth.

* * *

Suggestions for Health.

Divine Love heals, redeems, glorifies whatever it sheds its light and warmth upon. No fear enters its atmosphere, nothing untrue, nothing that cannot bear the searchlight of Truth and be weighed in the balance with it. Love is the supreme good that underlies all things. "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."—Mrs. Weld.

* * *

Forgetfulness is the chief remedy we need for most of our diseases. It is a cleansing medicine for the blood. The links of memory compose the chain that fastens to us

the disease from which we suffer. When we have cast off the remembrance of our troubles, we are no longer distressed by the power of association.—C. B. Newcomb.

* * *

To make the God-Ideal our own ideal, to understand that we can actualize this ideal, bring it forth as ourselves, and how to do the work necessary to this end, is to say with David, "I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved."—The Exodus.

* * *

A recent article by Jacob Sobel, M.D., states that the paroxysms of whooping-cough may, in most instances, be controlled by pulling the lower jaw downwards and forwards. This prevents the terrible retching and gasping for breath, which often occurs in this distressing complaint. He says the method is usually more successful in older children than in younger ones and infants, and in cases without a whoop. The expiratory spasm, with its asphyxia, is generally overcome, and in those with a whoop the latter is prevented. It is not difficult to perform, it is painless, and easy of application, without any of the ill effects of drugs, but it should not be attempted when there is food in the mouth or the esophagus.

* * *

We need optimism—sane, intelligent optimism. Not the insane and senseless sort, that blindly and parrotly says to itself and everybody that everything is all right. But the kind that resolutely and cheerfully makes everything all right. The trees and the flowers need the shadows and the rains, but it is the sunshine that makes them grow. The man who sees in circumstances opportunity, and in effort the chance for joy, is the man who will make the world better every day.—The Philosopher.

* * *

Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world keep the bad to yourself.

For Young Folk.

Edited by M. L. Hammatt.

Dear Young Folks:—

Thanksgiving and Christmas are almost here—those two most joyous feasts of all the year,—the times when we are thankful for all the good things of life, and when we truly feel,—if our hearts are right,—that we are all brothers and sisters in one great family. Now what are the qualities that make one a good brother or sister in his own family? When we have found these we shall know what are the qualities that make him a good brother in the great family of the world. Should he think always of himself first and forget his brothers and sisters, or should he think of them with himself? Should he be afraid to “lend a hand” if they need help? Should he give up with one little effort in helping his brother, or should he “hang on” and never give up? Ah, boys and girls, forget yourselves once in a while and think of your brothers and sisters in the world—help them all you can. Be afraid of nothing and “hang on,” and when your hair is white you will never be unhappy for you will know that you have been a faithful brother in the great family of the world.

* * *

A THANKSGIVING TURKEY'S STORY.

They say I was a noble bird when I appeared on the mess-table of the O—— Life Saving Station.

But I must go back to the beginning—or is there a beginning, I wonder? Perhaps you will say not when I tell you that my life was simply handed down to me, as one might say. Just a tiny cell from my mother and a still tinier one from my father, and then I was an egg—tiny still,—all ready, under the right conditions, to grow into the noble bird I became, and it seems to me, although I am only a turkey, that this handing down of life from parents to children is a very wonderful thing. We should think it a miracle, I suppose, if it did not happen every day.

I did not realize that I was myself and that I was growing until I began to feel very warm and quite lively, though really we were pretty crowded in the shell, I and my food supply, which people call the yolk. I felt my mother turning me over with her bill now and then and poking me up

under her feathers. Finally things got much too snug inside the shell and I decided to get out. My bill was strong, and sure enough, with a little help from my mother, out I came into the big world,—how big a world I did not realize until later.

It was a nice, warm, sandy place where our brood was hatched, on the shore of the great Atlantic, where one can see all the ships that pass outside the cape,—the back side of the cape, the natives call it.

I shall never forget the lovely day on which our mother first took us out to scratch. The sun was bright and warm. The ocean was as blue as the blue sky above. As far as one could see along shore were miles and miles of yellow sand, with tall beach grass waving wherever it had gained a foothold.

On the bay side stretched the salt marshes with here and there a gunner's camp near by. I was glad I wasn't hatched a wild shore bird when I saw the gunners hunting them with decoys in the fall.

Right back of us stood the station with its many windows overlooking the sea. The station captain's little daughter, who had yellow hair and blue eyes, fed us that day and every day all summer. That is why we grew so fast, though I heard the captain say that all the bugs we caught were great food for turkeys—and they were toothsome morsels, I can tell you.

But all the days were not bright and pleasant there. Even during the summer time there were long, misty, rainy days when the wind was east and we had to stay in our pens and keep warm under our mother's wings. Those were the days when some of our brood sickened and died. Then in the autumn there were terrible days,—days that it frightens me to think upon.

But the finest of the summer days were the practice days when a barge load of summer people came from the east and boatloads across the bay from over south to see the surfmen practice. Those were stirring times. The captain drilled his men. Then they shot off the cannon and thus sent out a line to the tower which represented a ship in distress. It was quick work for the men to rig up the breeches-buoy from this and to bring back in it the man who was supposed to be drowning. The summer boys and girls took a ride in it, too,—just for fun.

Then they brought back to life a man who pretended to have been drowned—I was sorry for the poor man. Sometimes they launched a lifeboat through the surf. That was exciting and then all the people cheered. Sometimes they stationed wig-wags on the hills around and wig-wagged a message with these flags, pretending that the message came from Boston.

I heard one woman say to the captain on a practice day: "Oh! how I wish I could see you make a real rescue off a real wreck!" She would never have said that, I am sure, if she had seen the terrible November gale that came that year and the real wreck that we had. To hear the wind howling, the boom—boom—of the surf breaking against the miles of shore and the more distant boom of the distress guns from the ship on the bars, to hear the captain shouting his quick, loud orders and the men hurrying to their places—to see them pulling in the poor drenched and shivering sailors in the breeches-buoy (for the sea was running so high that night that not even a lifeboat could live in it). Certainly no one could enjoy such a thing. It was terrible.

Nevertheless it was a noble rescue and the surfmen worked like heroes. A life saver is one who can know no fear—either of cold or storm or of death itself; who must stand ready at any minute to give his life if need be, for his brother's, who must persist in spite of hunger, in spite of fatigue and in spite of the utmost danger.

I have heard of soldiers and of how they fight to kill men, but to my thinking, life savers are braver for they fight to save men's lives and some day, I hope, men will come to see this and will grant them the pension they deserve after they have spent their active life in this good work.

This terrible wreck had kept our men busy all one day and night but on Thanksgiving morning they had rescued every man and then it was that they descended upon us plump young turkeys and offered us up for the Thanksgiving dinner. And such a dinner as they made, those tired, worn surfmen, rough to look upon, perhaps, but with hearts of gold and nerves of steel,—men who were truly brothers in the great family of the world.

• • •

I find in Practical Ideals for June this epitaph:

"Under this sod, beneath these trees,
Lieth the pod of Solomon Pease."

I have understood that Mr. Pease requested that these words should be put on his monument, and that it was done in due time and in proper form. But after a while some wag had the following cut into the stone, where it remains until this day:—

"He is not there, only his pod;
He has shelled out his soul,
And gone up to God."

Perhaps the editor can furnish the true story regarding this quaint bit of practical idealism.

A. T. B.

* * *

A THANKSGIVING ADVENTURE.

By RAY TRUM NATHAN.

'Twas Thanksgiving Eve
And all through the flat;
Not a mortal was stirring—
Not even the cat!
Save one naughty Danny
On mischief intent,
Who slyly his way
Toward the pantry door bent.

Such pies! cakes! and cookies!
With apples galore;
Greedy Dan sadly sighed
That he couldn't hold more,
And a turkey! oh, dear—
That was what he loved most—
And a wee little porker,
All ready to roast!

But suddenly Danny
Cried out in surprise!
For the dear little pig
Blinked at him with both eyes;
Then in slow, solemn manner,

To Dan he drew near—
And marvel! he spoke!
Danny listened with fear.

You greedy! you naughty!
You bad, wicked boy!
You've had a gay time,
It's my turn to enjoy.
As tender and young
Plump and juicy you seem—
Then Danny awoke—rubbed his eyes—
'Twas a dream
So vivid, he sobbed
And he cried for sheer shame,
Declaring he'd never
Be greedy again.



A SPECIMEN.

THE husband of a Christian Science teacher, lately married, that did not believe in doctors or sickness, called upon a physician one cold, stormy night in January. He was in a great hurry.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor, sticking his night-cap out at the door.

"Oh," said the man, in an anxious tone, "my wife is very sick and wants you to come at once."

"She's sick?" answered the doctor, in surprise; "why, man, she has turned half this town into the belief that there is no such thing as pain."

"But it's different now," replied the man. "We're—that is, you know—well, she's going—to have a—and we thought you better be around."

"Well, my dear man," said the doctor, "tell your wife that I am sorry she has so far forgotten her calling as to give in to the sin of a fancied pain or two. These things that come with such clock-like regularity are nothing but the timed temptations of Satan. Tell her there is no pain; that she isn't a woman, but the ghost of Euripides; that

she isn't even married. Tell her that I am not a doctor, and never was, and that this is one of the loveliest nights in June. Good-night, sir."



WHEN A MAN HAS A COLD.

When a man has a cold it is really surprising
 The way that his friends try to straighten him out,
 Their cures for the same confidently advising,
 Each one calculated to put it to rout.
 It's hard with so many sure things to be choosing
 A remedy, home manufactured or sold;
 But equally hard if you think of refusing
 To try one. It's tough when a man has a cold!

To please my dear friends the most nauseous potions—
 Decoctions of onions, the vilest of teas—
 I think asafetida one of their notions—
 I took just because I was anxious to please.
 I've made myself stupid with brews alcoholic;
 I've scalded my feet; in iced sheets I have rolled;
 The lemons I've eaten have given me colic,
 I tell you it's tough when a man has a cold.

My ears with the quinine I've taken are ringing,
 I'm smelling of liniments rubbed on my chest;
 Yet other new cures they're persistently bringing,
 Until I just ache for a moment of rest.
 I'm blistered and burned and I'm soggy with soaking,
 I've swallowed more drugs than mere mortal can hold.
 It isn't a matter of laughing or joking—
 They're tough on a man, these cures for a cold.
 —Chicago Daily News.



How far from here to Heaven? Not very far, my friend,
 A single hearty step will all thy journey end.



Mental power does not come through the accumulation of facts or the storing up of memory pictures, but from the exercise of all the faculties of will, emotion and reason.

Book Notices.

"Man and the Divine Order." By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Pages 443. Price \$1.60. By mail \$1.75.

The author speaks of this work as "Essays in the philosophy of religion and in constructive idealism." He has treated his subject in a way that will greatly enhance the fine reputation he has already achieved as a thinker and writer. As the publishers very justly say, "In method, scope, and thought this volume is much more comprehensive than any previous work by the same author." His scholarly interpretations of the renowned idealists, Plato, Plotinus, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Berkeley and Emerson, to whom five chapters are devoted, make a distinctively interesting feature of the thesis. Other chapters are devoted to such themes as "The larger faith," "The Spiritual Vision," "The Eternal Order," "Evolution," "Christianity," "The Idea of God," "Constructive Idealism," etc. Everyone is rich in practical and helpful suggestions to those who are concerned in having a philosophy of life which shall stand the test of every experience, and make clear the relations of man to the divine order. To quote the words of the publishers' circular, "This work will appeal to a wide class of readers, since its aim is to unite in a single system the profoundest interests of religion, philosophy, and practical life." This is the eleventh volume in the series put forth by Mr. Dresser. The concluding chapter contains an outline of the system of thought underlying the entire series.

* * *

"The New Thought Simplified." By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Pages 195. Price 80 cents net. Postpaid 88 cents.

This last book of the popular New Thought author, Henry Wood, is true to its title and, for that reason, will, no doubt, have a wide circulation among that ever growing company who desire to make the acquaintance of the new school of thought to the expounding of which it is devoted. In his preface Mr. Wood says: "It is hoped that many who heretofore have been prevented from a careful investigation of the New Thought may be able to grasp much of

its inner spirit and substance through an attentive perusal of these pages." That hope, we are convinced, will not be disappointed. More than this, the book will be highly prized by those who are familiar with the teachings it sets forth, for few New Thought believers, we suspect, are so thoroughly grounded in their philosophy that they do not desire to have their faith reinforced, occasionally, by the strong and sane utterances of such a writer as Henry Wood.

* * *

"Psycho-Therapy in the Practice of Medicine and Surgery." By Sheldon Leavitt, M. D. Gaines-Taylor Press, Chicago. Pages, 236.

This is a most courageous plea by a member of the medical faculty to his confreres to accept the truth which has been revealed to the student of psychological therapeutics. He says in the preface of his remarkable book: "I am satisfied that there are vast possibilities for suggestive therapeutics." Some of the opinions that he has reached, he admits, "will doubtless be modified by future developments, but," he adds, "such of them as rest upon well-recognized laws of psychic action will be stable." That the trend of his views is toward the New Thought position may be seen when he says of the prevention of disease: "The two cardinal essentials of success are (1) the elimination of conscious fear and (2) the establishment of an absolute faith in the unity and goodness of all things." The book is dedicated "To those of the medical profession who love truth and do not fear to stand for it." The number of such is rapidly growing, if our observation is not at fault.

* * *

The Antitoxin Fraud: Every few days we see in the newspapers an account of the discovery of some new antitoxin. They seem to be all still-born as that is the first and the last we hear of them. Antitoxin is practically dead. The best men no longer use it, and were it not for the efforts of those concerned in the manufacture of the serum, it would pass into the limbo of things forgotten. But, of course, those to whom it is a matter of business will do all in their power to stimulate its waning popularity. They will not meet with much success. It is too plain that antitoxin has absolutely no merit in itself, that all the virtue

resides in the antiseptic, and no doctor, however obliging, cares to aid in perpetuating a fraud.—The Medical Brief.



Reason and love tell us that it is better to co-operate with our fellow-men in the creation of new wealth than to fight with them over what is already produced.

Metaphysicians Directory.

M. WOODBURY SAWYER, Metaphysician and Teacher of Health, Huntington Chambers, 30 Huntington Ave., Room 209. Adjoining Metaphysical Club rooms. Boston hours: 2 to 5 p. m. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Evenings by appointment.

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